

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene:
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her cies.

Ho. O Iesu, hee doth it as like one of these harlotry Players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

Harry. I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-
mide, the more it is tioden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, herelieth
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeber-
ries? a question not to be asked, shall the Son of England proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be asked: there is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and is knowen to ma-
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch, as ancient wri-
ters doe report) doth defile? so doth the company thou keepest:
For *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares,
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age (some fifty, or birdady, inclining to threescore, and now
I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lew-
dly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his lookes; if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*.
him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince

Prince. Dost thou speake like a King
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Dispose me, if thou dost it b-
ly both in word and matter, hang r-
bet-sucker, or a Poulters hare.

Prince Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And heere I stand, iudge.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence com-

Fal. Mynoble Lord, from *East*.

Prince. The complaints I heare

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are
young *Prince* yfaith.

Prince. Swarest thou, vngracio-
on me, thou art violently carried a-
well haunes thee in the likenesse of
isthy companion: why dost thou
humors, that boulding-hutch of b-
of Dropfies, that huge bombard o-
of guttes, that rosted Manning t-
his belly, that reuerent Vice, that g-
fian, that vanity in yeares: wherein
and drinke it? wherein neate and
and eate it? wherein cunning, but
in Villanie? wherein villanous, b-
thy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhomi-
stafse, that old white-bearded Sath-

Fal. My Lord, the man I know

Fal. But to say, I know more l-
were to say more then I know: tha-
tie) his white haire do witnesse it a-
uerence) a whoremaster, that I vt-
be a fault, God helpe the wicked
sinne, then many an old Host tha-
fatte, be to be hated, then *Phara*
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, ba-